

When Truth or Dare Takes a Turn

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When Truth or Dare Takes a Turn

by [Ship_On_The_Sea](#)

Summary

Sapnap underestimates George's stubbornness when backed into a predicament while playing Truth or Dare, and things go differently than anyone could have predicted.

Notes

The document title on my Google Docs is "Because Cori and Simi said 'PLEASE'" lmao, a bunch of us were talking about oneshot ideas last night and my friends Cori and Simi wanted me to write one of the ideas because I said I was interested lmao.

This isn't taken as seriously, so if something seems janky I apologize.

Anyways, I hope you enjoy this short fic!!

PS: Shout-out to Cori, Simi, and Cake for feeding me ideas lmaooo

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Sapnap, truth or dare?”

“Truth.”

“If you couldn’t live in Texas, where would you chose to live?”

“Bad, I love you, but please ask harder questions.”

It was the first time all four of them- Bad, Sapnap, George, and Dream- all met up to hang out and were currently playing Truth or Dare on the living room floor of Dream’s house. There was a catch, however. Whoever completed the least amount of truths and dares had to let the person who did the most send a tweet on their account. To say the least, none of them wanted to be the loser of the game.

Which was why George was slightly panicking. He currently was in last place, Dream in first, and he really did not want to have Dream send a tweet on his account. His friend was nothing but pure chaos, and wouldn’t hesitate to send something either really embarrassing or suggestive in the name of a joke. So that’s why George had to accept the next challenge at all costs.

“George,” Sapnap suddenly said, turning to George. Internally, he started cursing. He knew Sapnap knew of his current predicament. He also knew Sapnap tended to be a troll in these types of situations, and that he would try his hardest to make George accept defeat. “Truth or dare?”

George stayed silent, debating aggressively between the two options. Truth was as bad as dare. Sapnap had already made him duck out of two truths and a dare, and he knew that either way, he was screwed.

“George, it’s not a tough decision,” Dream commented, sitting to his right. “There’s literally only two options.”

“Let him think, Dream,” Bad told Dream off, right as George blurted “Dare!”, immediately regretting his decision when he saw Sapnap’s face light up with pure mischief.

“Dare?” Sapnap began, a shit-eating grin working its way on his face. “Hm.. I dare you to kiss Dream.”

George’s stomach dropped as what Sapnap said registered in his mind. Kiss... Kiss Dream?

He couldn’t do that. No way in hell. He was confused enough about his feelings for his best friend already.

But George knew Sapnap already knew that information, knew that’s why he chose the dare he did. He knew George would shy away.

George was suddenly filled with spite. He was going to show Sapnap he thought wrong, he was not going to back down this time. Fired up, George snapped his gaze from Sapnap over to Dream, who was looking at him curiously.

“Are you doing the dare?” he asked calmly, and a small expression of surprise gleamed in his eyes when George nodded yes, both of them missing the incredulous look Sapnap was giving George.

Shoving his nervousness down and letting spite replace it, George sat up onto his knees and leaned over towards Dream, who froze up like a deer in headlights, George missing the way his eyes widened in nervousness. Very quickly, George leaned in and pressed a chaste kiss on Dream’s cheek, immediately returning to his seat and giving Sapnap a look of pure, smug victory. Bad sat to George’s left and had silently watched the situation unfold, frowning slightly in confusion when he noticed Dream blink away a face full of flustered panic, a mask of amusement coming to place over his true feelings.

“That doesn’t count!” Sapnap shouted at George. “You know I meant a kiss on the lips!”

“No, you only said to kiss him, you didn’t explicitly specify where! It counts!”

“Dream, what do you think? Does that count?”

Suddenly George and Sapnap’s eyes were on Dream, who was slowly rubbing his palms in circles on his pants.

“I think it was pretty obvious Sapnap meant a kiss on the lips,” was his hesitant reply, a small expecting laugh following it. He knew George wasn’t going to do it, he was safe, he was fine to tease about it.

Dream forgot to take into consideration how stubborn George could be, especially when placed in competitive situations.

“Fine!” George aggressively barked out, throwing his hands into the air. “Fine, if that’s what it takes, then I’ll do it!”

George was filled with enough spite to barely overpower his nerves, and once again sat up on his knees and faced Dream. Without thinking or registering the slightly panicked expression on Dream’s face as he leaned forward, George cupped Dream’s face in both of his hands and brought their lips together aggressively, but not painfully.

All spite evaporated from George as soft lips were pressed against his and warm hands shot forward to hold him around the waist, evaporated from the suddenly heat rising in his chest and stomach that was accompanied by sudden contentment, those feelings growing as he felt Dream’s body relax from its tense position and he began to slowly kiss back, beginning to get lost in their own little world.

A loud, embarrassed noise from Bad stopped that from happening, however, and with an almost painful jolt of realization, George and Dream shot away from each other, sharing an equal look of confused panic before looking over at their friends, who wore surprised and embarrassed faces.

Nobody said anything for a moment, the silence almost smothering them in the process.

“Bad, truth or dare!” Sapnap suddenly asked, snapping Bad and Dream from their trances of shock and saving the moment.

However, George remained in his head, his heart going crazy and his mind going blank.

They were... He kissed Dream. And George felt. And Dream kissed back.

What did that mean?

Did that mean George liked Dream more than as a friend? Did that mean Dream liked George in the same manner? Is that why the kiss felt so nice, so... life-changing?

George didn’t know what to think, he wasn’t used to all these emotions churning within him. He had to figure them out, but how?

An urge started to itch at the back of his spine, and he suddenly knew a way to figuring out both of their feelings-

“-ey George!” Bad’s voice directed at George finally snapped him from his thoughts, and George

blinked at Bad.

But before Bad could open his mouth to ask the infamous question, George was suddenly reaching towards Dream and pulling him in almost aggressively, Dream's surprising melting into impulsive joy as George initiated another kiss, immediately kissing back.

Both Sapnap and Bad stared for a few seconds as their minds registered the sudden chain of events.

"Oh my god!" Bad yelled when he caught up, covering his eyes and blindly standing, turning away and speed walking into another room to respect his friends' privacies.

"I'm... just going to leave now," was Sapnap's rather calm declaration, as he slowly stood and followed into the room Bad had run off into.

That was *not* how Sapnap expected his dare to turn out at all, but at least his friends weren't completely oblivious anymore.

End Notes

Small announcement: School will start back up for me during the beginning of August, so expect updates to slow down exponentially. Also, I might write a sequel to "Burnt Cookies", depending on if Sam and I can get down a good enough outline for me to follow lmao

Anyways I love you guys, and I hope you have a great day/night <3!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!